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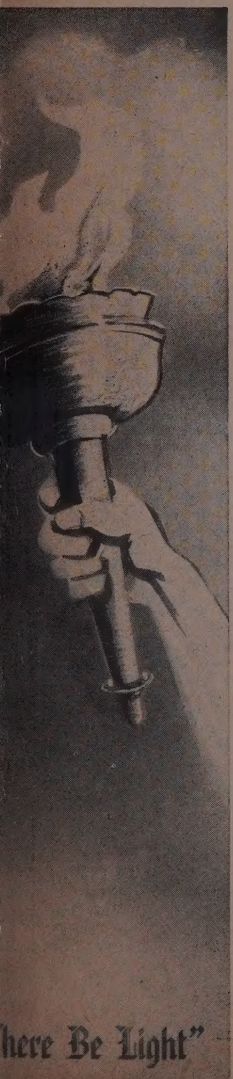
DECEMBER, 1942

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



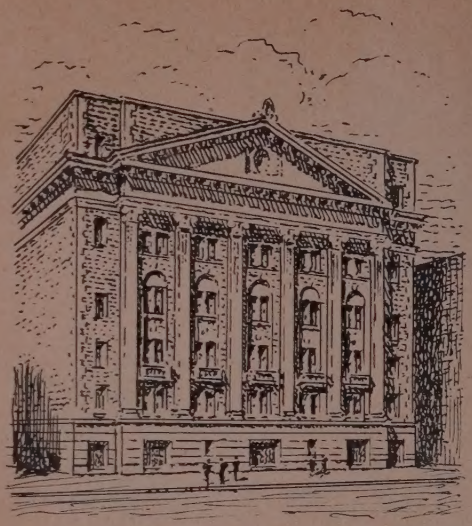
We would like to see and greet personally all the readers of The Liberalist, all the members of our Church and all the Radio friends—but of course that is impossible—and so, to our friends near and far:

We send our earnest prayer and sincere wish that you may have strength for every duty, wisdom for every problem, help for every trial, comfort in every sorrow, joy in everything you do.

Keep the Christmas spirit aglow—do not let it die with Christmas night. May it dwell in your hearts and homes and abide with you all through the days of the New Year.

Your friends,

Grace and Preston Bradley



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XIX **DECEMBER, 1942** *Number 9*

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Sunday morning, December 20th, 11:00 o'clock—Special Christmas Music
Dr. Bradley's subject: "The World Needs Christmas"

Junior Church Service—For children 7 to 13 years of age at the same hour

7:30 p.m.—Annual Candle Light Service
Children of the Church School
Play given by The Uptown Players,
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
"The Two Gates," by Mary Bloom, with
Special Music by Lulu Jones Downing

THE CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE WILL BE REPEATED ON MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
December 21st and 23rd
Everyone invited

Tuesday evening, December 22nd, at 8:00 o'clock, in Channing Hall
ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL
Fine program—A visit from Santa Claus—
Presents for every child

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25TH—CHRISTMAS MORNING—at 11:00 o'clock
ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE—Appropriate music
Dr. Bradley's subject:—"A Song in the Sky."
WJJD will broadcast this service for the benefit of Out-of-town Listeners

People of all faiths and creeds are invited to all our services.

Dr. Bradley at his study desk.

Chicago Daily News Photo

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—7:30 o'clock

CHRISTMAS MORNING SERVICE—December 25th—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

DECEMBER BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

December 2nd—"This Is My Best"—An Anthology.

December 9th—"Van Loon's Lives"—Hendrik Willem van Loon.

December 16th—"And Green Grass Grows All Around"—Marguerite Lyon.

December 23rd—Christmas Candle Light Service and Christmas Play, "The Two Gates," by Mary Bloom, with special music by Lulu Jones Downing.

December 30th—"A Time For Greatness," Herbert Agar.

RADIO ACTIVITIES

Every evening, Monday through Friday, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley is on the air over Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he is heard on the "Home Front" program, originating in the studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD broadcasts the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Listen in and send him your comments.

ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

ON Thursday and Friday, December 3rd and 4th, Channing Hall, in The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, will be open all day and evening to the public. The Annual Peoples Church Bazaar being held on these dates, is the biggest event of the church year.

Luncheon and dinner will be served both days, luncheon being served from 12:30 to 1:30 and dinner service beginning at 5:30. Luncheon, 50c, dinner 75c.

Come as early as you can and stay as long as you can. Meet your friends, make new acquaintances, bring your gifts, and buy your Christmas presents at The Peoples Church Bazaar. Never were the articles being displayed more beautiful or numerous.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

THE Christmas Season in the Peoples Church of Chicago is being anticipated with joyous expectation. We realize that we are at war, and that many homes are broken, but there is more need for the true Christmas spirit this year than ever. The Church will attempt to bring all the joy and inspiration and happiness it possibly can during our whole holiday season. We are anxious that every friend and radio listener unite with us in as many of the events as possible.

The first Christmas service in the church will be held on Sunday morning, December 20th, at 11:00 o'clock, when Dr. Bradley will preach on "The World Needs Christmas." The chorus choir of 65 voices, under the direction of Emerson Abernethy, will sing, with Philip Jorgensen, organist, playing special Christmas music.

The Junior Church will meet at 11:00 o'clock Sunday morning, December 20th, and will hold a special Christmas program for the children of Junior Church age.

On Sunday evening, December 20th, at 7:30 o'clock, the annual Candle Light Service will be held. This is always the most beautiful service of the church year. The children of the Church School will take part and members of the Uptown Players of the Peoples Church will present an original Christmas play. The play to be presented this year is one of the finest and most interesting ever presented by the Players. It is entitled "The Two Gates," by Mary Bloom, and will be directed by J. Bradley-Griffin, with special music by Lulu Jones Downing. The cast will be announced later. The Annual Candle Light Service will be repeated on Monday evening, December 21st, and again on Wednesday evening, December 23rd. Every year hundreds of people are turned away from the Candle Light services and this year we are adding an extra service. The service will be given three times. Kindly plan to attend all or at least one of the services, Sunday, Monday or Wednesday.

On Tuesday evening, December 22nd, at 8:00 o'clock, in Channing Hall, the children of the Church School will give a fine program and there will be a visit from Santa Claus. An invitation is extended to all. There will be presents for all of the children.

The season will reach its climax on Christmas morning, at 11:00 o'clock, when we will hold our annual Christmas Day service which is always a very beautiful and happy occasion. Dr. Bradley will speak on "A Song in the Sky." An appropriate musical program will be given by the choir and organist. The service will last but one hour and will be dismissed promptly at noon. The Christmas Day service will be broadcast by station WJJD for the benefit of our out of town listeners. Radio friends are asked to remember the broadcast as Dr. Bradley will have a special message for them on Christmas morning.

A very cordial invitation is extended to all who have no other church loyalties to enjoy the Christmas Season with us in our Church. If you are not a member of any church this is the time of the year when you will want to share the Christmas with your fellowmen. People of all faiths and creeds are invited to all of our services.

P.B.

"CAREST THOU NOT?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

OCTOBER 25, 1942

"THOSE who are trying to be curés of souls in these days through which we are passing, are probably meeting greater challenges than we have ever been called upon to meet before. I mean by a curé of souls the kind of person to whom one will turn in his hour of great trouble, grief, sorrow and difficulty. You need not be a minister, a priest of a parish, a rabbinical leader, or a spiritual leader of your people, to be a curé of souls. While people automatically, and quite naturally, will turn to their spiritual leaders for help and sustenance and inspiration in their hour of difficulty and trial, nevertheless, I think a survey of the congregation this morning might reveal that there is not a person here, not one, but what almost every week of your life someone comes to you and asks you how he or she is going to bear more competently and more triumphantly the sorrows and the burdens of life. Each one of us is more or less the curé for another's soul. I hesitate to inject this thought into the purity of the ideal, but it might almost be said that those who are professionally curés for souls are having an unprecedented challenge, and it is from that point of view that we pass on into the thought of the morning.

Certainly every minister, priest, and rabbi, these days is having more intricate, complicated and more fundamental and elemental difficulties, problems and harrowing situations brought to him than ever before. The physician, who occupies a similar place in attempting to answer the needs of people, frequently has some of the same challenge, but the physician in his activity is primarily related to our physical well-being; quite naturally and normally we turn to the physician in our physical illness. The lawyer shares to a considerable degree somewhat the same characteristics which are demanded of the minister, for people when they get into difficulties and have all sorts of involved situations and problems come up, will go to their lawyer quite naturally and quite normally; but the minister, the priest, the rabbi, the individual who has not the designation, training nor understanding of physical illness and is not informed in legal matters but who is a spiritual leader, is faced with the great imponderables and intangibles of life, the great undercurrents that sweep through and in and out of life. People come to the spiritual leader when they get into these great currents that sweep them on the way and great troubles come, disillusionments, sorrows and heartaches, where they feel that they are being brutally treated by God, and they find no surcease from the agony of the loss of loved ones, from the conscience which pounds away at their inner souls, giving them no ease of mind or rest, and they feel that life has been brutal, a series of disappointments, a series of griefs, a continuity of frustrations. When they come into the agony of that moment the reaction, almost automatic in its proportions, responds and says 'No one cares, and above all God does not care. If there were a God who cared this could not have happened to me. If there were a God who could do anything about it, it would not have happened. Don't

talk to me about a kind, loving Father who loves his children. God does not care!'

Only as recently as yesterday a man who is passing through great trouble and whom I have known in better and finer days, because of his trouble, which is breaking him down and destroying his hold on life, turned to me and said, 'A God who cares?' He said, 'I am going to be in your Church tomorrow morning and if you can convince me that there is any such thing as a God who cares'—then he utilized all the arguments: 'I have been a good man'—and he has—he has raised three fine children, he has been an honest man and there is not one single thing against his record of honesty and integrity, not a thing, but he is seeing, due to a changing order of things, a perfectly honest and legitimate business which he has built up, smash, until all of his resources are gone and he finds himself for the first time in 35 years a broken man. He looked me straight in the face and said: 'Don't tell me there is any God who cares, and don't tell me that the law of compensation is at work, for I have tried to do my best right straight through and if there is a God who cares, then that God has no power, or this would not have happened. If a God exists who cares and this can happen, then he does not have power.' He was becoming a logician.

Three years ago there stood before me in my study to be married, as attractive and fine a young couple as I have ever faced. It was plainly obvious that true love was the basis of that union. This week I stood beside that father and mother and saw the father carry a little white casket in his own arms to the waiting funeral car. After we had held the service and he and his wife carried that little three and a half months old child in their arms out to the cemetery, I stood by the side of that mother and father, after we had made the committal of that little life into the life of God, and she turned to me and said as only a mother could say, 'Doctor Bradley, are you quite sure there is a God who cares? Why should this happen to me?' Perfectly natural, perfectly normal.

I stood in this very pulpit on Friday of this week and resting here before this pulpit was the body of a man who has sat in this congregation with his wife, for years; a man who has spent his life in giving his skill and genius to the healing of broken bodies; one of America's most distinguished physicians and surgeons. As I stood here in this very pulpit before hundreds of his friends who had come from all over this nation, I thought of the ten long months he had suffered as I had seen him frequently and was the last person to whom he spoke before his death this week. I stood by his bedside as he entered into the sleep of death—this man who had spent his life in a great profession.

Now, my dear friends, I have laid before you very basically in this quiet and intimate presentation, probably one of the greatest problems which the world faces. Permit me to say quite frankly and humbly and as impressively as the seriousness of it requires: I have cast aside much of the confidence which I once had, that mere reform, economic, industrial, and governmental, is going to solve the problems of this world. I have spent my share of time and energy during these years, and I shall continue to do so, advocating and planning for certain economic, industrial, governmental, social reforms—that I shall not abandon—but these days are convincing me as I have never been convinced before, that *our primary need is a complete and an entirely new orientation of our responsibility to God.*

We have been off the track. The whole world for a long time has been experimenting with systems, and types of government, and business relationships, and all kinds and qualities and degrees of machinery, and they have left God out, and God must come back to your life and to mine.

Without being misunderstood may I say that with trouble, sorrow, turmoil, chaos, war, poverty, God has no concern. God, to me, increasingly becomes the infinite manifestation of that which is eternally good. We personalize these problems of evil and sorrow and trouble in the world, and fling them at God, and say: 'Does God care? Carest thou not that I perish?' The cry of anguish which has echoed and resounded down through the centuries from those who are trying to see God and to touch God and to be a part of God. Wherever man has failed to come in contact with the eternal, the failure has been man's and not God's; my failure, your failure, the failure of nations, until our failure inevitably opens the door for all the cleansing fires of grief and pain and war and agony; a world in flames, and every flame separating the dross from the pure gold, and out of the flames that now sweep the world will come the pure ore of God.

We are being chastened, the hour of penalty has arrived. We sowed the winds and today we reap the whirlwind. Don't lay it onto God. God is weeping, God in tears, but God eternal, and God supreme!

'Carest thou not that we perish?' The singer of the songs, David: 'No man careth for my soul.' That is the climax of unutterable agony. 'No man careth for my soul.' Let's change the question about and be fair: Why should God care? Have you had time for God in very much of your life? What have I been doing that He should be deeply concerned when sorrow or trouble or misfortune comes to me? Why should I begin to ask 'Does God care?' What have I been doing, what have you been doing, to expect God to care? Have I been honoring God? Have you? Let's be honest. How much of the rich sustenance of your life found its way into the propagation of what God is trying to do with the world? What have you done with your dollars? What did we do during those years of great prosperity and ease and spending, spending, spending, for the things that never satisfy the thirst and for the food that never feeds the hunger? What did we do that this indictment is now upon us; and suddenly we cry unto the high heavens 'No man careth for my soul!'

This is not easy. It would be much easier for me to be absurdly sentimental and try to pattern as best I could and synchronize the idea of an all loving God, and at the same time an all powerful God. That's difficult, but think this through with me before you react in judgment. I find it easier to explain evil and evil power in a world without God, than I can explain *good* men and *good* people and *good* things in a world without God. I can understand why evil is strong; I can understand why evil men have such transitory victories; I can understand how evil nations can rise to disturb the peace of the world; I can understand how the diabolical cleverness of evil people can survive, I can understand that. Not that God does not care, but that *He cares so much that He will find it necessary for me to suffer; cares so much that He wants the refinement and the purification of your life and mine to be so beautiful that we will be agonizing, agonizing, agonizing until the victory, and then the dross and the filth and the unkindness and the uncleanness, and the hate and the sorrow*

and everything, will be burned away through the mystical presence of a God who does care, who loves you so much, He will let you suffer in order for you to find Him in all His glory and in all His power!

Care for you? That's all God does is to care for His people. How much do you care for Him? How much do I care? It has all been a little one-sided, hasn't it? I think it has. It has as far as I am concerned, and the rest of my ministry is going to be devoted to an effort to reorient people into the consciousness of God. I am through with arguments, I am through with theology, I am through with denials. I don't care to what church you go, or what label you bear; that doesn't interest me. I am through with the things that divide and separate men. I am not going to anchor my hope to another law, or to another convention, or to the appointment of some other committee, or to the writing of another enactment, or to trying another system, or to this or to that. We are a world of machines, a nation of machines; we are experimenting, experimenting, experimenting; a part of us believe this and a part believe that. The whole complicated background of war activity has brought on a chaos where leaders themselves are blind and know not what to do; where confusion exists and bureaucracy; where people are being chased from one office to another, from one building to another; from one confusion to another; where the desks of men are piled high with reports, reports, reports; when you have to file not one paper but 200 papers! In the midst of all this labyrinth of modern activity, the sense of perspective, the sense of values, the sense of the eternal is lacking, and we had better begin to simplify ourselves, and we had better begin to say, not 'Does God care?'—that's settled, eternally settled; God loves you; He loves everyone; He loves you, and you cannot love people without caring. The first thing about love is that if you love somebody you care what happens to them; you care if they are ill, you care if they are tired, or hurt, or if somebody lies about them, you care—you cannot love people and not care. Well, God loves you and He cares. I wonder if you love God? I wonder if you care enough about God to meet the demands of God's love? If you do, cast all your cares upon Him; 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light'; that's true, but you will have to find it out sometimes through tears, sometimes through a mighty blow, a blow that floors you, where you think that money, and social position, and power, and who you are, is so great and strong that you are above the battle . . . well, you are not. None of us are; we are in it.

Sometimes a mighty blow must be dealt us to make us find God; and the world will find Him; and you will find Him; weed out of your lives all the unkindness, all the cruelty, all the lies, all the filth. If you will cleanse your lives, you will never ask the question 'Does God Care?' *You will know He does,* and your lives for the first time will be buoyant, and beautiful and lovely, birds will sing as never before; health will flow through your veins and arteries as it has never flowed before; strength will come and you will do your work with your shoulders back and your head high; *you will be a partner with God and your whole life will be different!* Don't miss that; it is the most beautiful thing in the world today. *God without man is helpless. Man without God is hopeless. God and man together can make this world the garden of love,* and the darkness will pass and the lights will go on all over the world, when man finds his way back again to the Heart of God."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I DO NOT think that any one month has ever brought so many beautiful expressions of appreciation to Dr. Bradley as has this month's mail. It is my pleasant privilege to share some of them with you in our Radio Mail Bag.

The first one comes from Ekalaka, Montana—and is one of the most remarkable letters we have received in a long time. In the first paragraph the writer says, "This year during Thanksgiving month, I am writing a letter a day to someone whose influence has been a lifting force in my life, attempting to express to that person my gratitude for help received."

What a lovely thing to do—and how clearly the thought reflects her own lovely spirit! Why don't more of us follow this pattern? Write to your friend—your relative—your teacher—or pastor—or neighbor—to anyone "whose influence has been a lifting force"—to whom you are grateful and want to tell them so! The letter follows:

Ekalaka, Montana.
Nov. 8, 1942.

My dear Dr. Bradley:

This year, during Thanksgiving month, I am writing a letter a day to someone whose influence has been a lifting force in my life, attempting to express to that person my gratitude for help received.

For a number of years, prior to 1936, I taught in the public schools of Park Ridge, and together with other teacher friends frequently attended your church services, always to leave feeling inspired, strengthened and vitalized as a result of the splendid message you always gave us. On occasions when we were unable to attend church our radios usually brought your message.

I have spoken of your helpful "message," of its power to uplift and sustain one, but also helpful to your service is the confidence, the vitality and general well-being that you radiate as you deliver that message, and your ability to draw one from an almost hilarious mood into profound depths of thought with an earnestness demanding respect. That you seem to enjoy your ministry and are led, by it, to a greater fulfillment of Life, is convincing.

During recent years, although being apart from the physical aspects of your church, worshipful in its music and atmosphere, vibrant with the pulse-beats of souls eagerly seeking messages to help them live the more "abundant life," it seems your message still helps me, for its faith and hope, and *workability* are refreshed by frequent references to one of your books, "Mastering Fear." I firmly believe that a sincere study and a firm and consistent application of the principles set forth in your book will lead to a greater harmony in Life, in all its phases. Your book is serving as a guidepost to several friends—some of them faithful "Unity" students and just today a friend asked if she might borrow my copy to let a friend who suffers occasional mental relapses, read

in the hope that an improved mental habit might help her.

I thought perhaps you would be interested and pleased to know that, out here in our little western town of 750, and forty-two miles from the railroad, there are people striving to "cultivate a positive attitude toward Life," and that, in some instances, your book, "Mastering Fear," has contributed toward that harmony so essential to well-being—personal, national and international.

May I say thank you for your *real* help and God bless you in another successful and helpful year.

Sincerely,
(Mrs. H. B.) Erma L. Albert.

Here is one from Niles, Michigan, that is out of the ordinary, too—imaginative, wistfully poetic—it holds a beautiful thought:

"November 10, 1942.
Dear Dr. Bradley:

"First, I want to thank you for your daily broadcasts; to thank you for expressing impressive, helpful thoughts in words familiar to the common people—words we understand and therefore remember—remember until the thought is woven into our web of life.

"Recently while looking over old papers I found one dated December 3rd, 1941. On it was a penciled note about the poem with which you closed your broadcast that evening. May I ask you to let me know the title of the poem and where I may find a copy? It was a verse about a letter written in anger, and ended with the words 'and when I had finished, I mailed it in the fire.'

"I was in bed that evening, recovering from a brief illness. The words of your poem troubled me, and I asked again and again—'What happened then?' As the hours of sleeplessness slipped away I reached for pencil and paper and this is the record:

"Dec. 3, 1941.

" 'Last night I wrote a letter—full of bitterness, resentment. I told that guy a thing or two—and when I had finished, I mailed it in the fire.' Something like that I heard over the radio. I asked 'What happened then?' But the voice was still. The broadcast ended.

" 'Did the writing down of bitter words turn them sweet in my mind? Or did I walk away still angry with the one to whom I had addressed them —self-righteousness, born of restraint, struggling with still gnawing resentment?

" 'What happened to the words I had used? I stirred the ashes and found the symbols still unharmed. The dross of bitterness burned away, the letters lay, pure gold, upon the hearth, separated from the distortions and misuse which had made them into words of ugliness and hate.

" 'I spread them out with delight in their bright purity, gently touched them here and there, and when I had finished my design, what was my joy! I had a letter—a note of gratitude for kindness lately shown. A word of praise and friendly encouragement had crept in, all unconsciously, so it would seem.

" 'Looking forward to seeing you soon.'

"And I mailed the letter to MY FRIEND.

Sincerely yours,
Helen G. Roth."

It was a distinct pleasure to Dr. Bradley to find in his radio mail a letter from a friend of his boyhood in Michigan, and although the letter is rather more personal than most of them, it is so charming in its friendly expression, I cannot refrain from slipping it in here.

"November 10, 1942.

Dear Preston:

"It was a real thrill driving up here last night—turned on the radio—and you were on the air. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed you—and your message on 'adventure.' It took me back to Linden, your mother and father—the mill pond where you taught your sister Beulah to swim—old Gid Sturgis and the Epworth League—Joe Beach and Rev. Erskine—Sim and Ellie Annis and a dozen others and events.

"Life is not a time affair—is it? Just a spreading out. I know that wasn't 25 years ago—it was just yesterday.

"Anyway—I loved reaching out to you—and you didn't even know it!

Best wishes,
Betty, Wallace, Allie."

President of the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen, Myrtle Dean Clark, wrote the following kind note of appreciation:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Your talk on 'Truth' of November 16th, 1942, was a masterpiece! Its exquisite simplicity, its rounded phrases and symmetrical cogency made it a classic.

Myrtle Dean Clark."

Now we close the Mail Bag till the New Year. In the quiet of Christmas dawn may the Spirit of Peace fill your hearts and homes—thus bringing you a Blessed Christmas.

Be sure to write.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

Church Membership

ON the first Sunday of every month, The Peoples Church of Chicago publicly receives at the morning service those who have united with the Church during the preceding month. New members are asked to take places reserved for them in the front of the Church facing the pulpit. They stand as their names are read and a very impressive service of union takes place immediately after the opening hymn. This public recognition is necessary before complete membership is established.

Uniting with the Church is a very simple process, but not a perfunctory one. Those desiring to unite with the Church are asked to send or give their names to the Pastor or the Church Office. No assent to any credal statement is required. People coming from other churches are asked to secure their church letters before sending in their names. Members of the radio congregation are invited to membership and will be received into the Church.

The next public reception of new members will be held on the first Sunday of the New Year, January 3, 1943. If you desire membership in the Church will you kindly contact Dr. Bradley or the Church Office.

THE WORLD NEEDS CHRISTMAS

By Grace Thayer Bradley

TIME flies always, but never it seems to me with such swift flight as when calendar dates approach the 25th of December. No matter what the year has brought in change or suffering, somehow at Christmas time we throw back our shoulders and breathe deeply, and—sort of reach out for that intangible something that at Christmas makes us feel all is well—it's all right now—now—of course—it's Christmas!

The last month of the year—and doesn't it seem the shortest month of all, with its attendant activity, happy planning, anticipation and preparation. If we but knew, if we but realized, how most important of all should be the preparation of our hearts to receive the Christmas Spirit—to open wide the doors for sacrifice, for thought of others, for Love—and Peace!

If the heart of the world would do this! If only the whole world would pause—pause for this period of Love—and put aside its greed and sin, its sham and hate and wars, mastering old fears and envies and jealousies and worries, and in every heart would be enthroned the spirit of eternal Love once made flesh in the Babe of Bethlehem.

Oh! how the world needs Christmas! How every heart needs Christmas!

We always had a very large Christmas tree at my grandmother's house, and thinking of it now, easily I recall the thrill, the excitement, the joy of that hour late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas. That time between daylight and dusk when shadows deepened in the corners and the house seemed to vibrate with expectancy—and even the tall mahogany clock in the hall, that had seen over two hundred Christmas Eve's, seemed to tick peculiarly like it was trying to sing. Outside hurrying footsteps in the snow made a crunchy sound and Grandmother would say: "It is growing dark early, dearie, I think it is time we got down the tree trimmings." Then she would go to a closet and lift down from the top shelf all those mysterious boxes that never lost their charm. Did Grandmother know how patiently I had waited all that long afternoon, and how every minute had dragged? Neither sleds nor games nor building snow men in the Park had any attraction. Hadn't I inquired gently quite a few times if she didn't think it was growing late? And now—the word was spoken—the moment at last had arrived—that moment of thrills unlike any other pleasure throughout the year, when I was to experience the excitement and joy of helping to open all those odd shaped boxes, and lift carefully out from their cotton and tissue paper wrappings the beloved Christmas tree trinkets not only dearly familiar to me, but they had been cherished by my mother and all my grandmother's children.

There was a wooden box of foreign make which held silver icicles packed in sawdust, and they were very beautiful hanging from the green boughs. I have never seen any like them. And a queer large red box was full of glass fruit—bunches of grapes, rosy cheeked pears and peaches, bright red cherries and currants, plums and oranges and golden nuts. Then there were balls of all sizes and colors—gold, silver, pur-

ple, blue, green, like bubbles reflecting the light, and strings of jewels to swing from bough to bough—dainty silver trumpets, glistening pink hearts, many little glass lanterns, baubles of marvelously fantastic design and shape, and two fascinating little boxes of ivory and gold and red velvet—these my childish imagination recognized as the "magic casket" of the Fairy Godmother and Aladdin's Lamp." Why, of course—hadn't I seen the very same things pictured in my story book? And these they remained through the years.

Most precious of all was the contents of a blue box covered with little silver stars, which was opened with great care and a feeling bordering upon awe. It was quite like awakening the Sleeping Beauty—for there in her bed of cotton from year's end to year's end slept the Christmas Fairy! Emerging from her long rest, there she was as beautiful as ever, golden winged and gowned in gold—flaxen curls and a sublime fairy expression on her waxen face, her little arms outstretched, one hand holding a wand, star-tipped. When poised amid the upper balsam boughs, beneath and a little to the left of the large silver star that always scintillated from the very tip-top, she bestowed gifts and joy and blessings to all those clustered around that gorgeous tree—or so it seemed to me—and when I was very, very small, I used to think she might fly away!

How much we all need Christmas! We need to forget the fears and sorrows of the years; forget that we are grown up—and allow ourselves to be children again. We need to catch the vision of the shining star; of wise men following the gleam; and to hear the music of heavenly hosts.

This Christmas will be different from any that any of us has ever known. There will be no ringing of chimes "out upon the midnight clear"; no jolly carolers singing from one friend's house to another all through the night; no brilliant lights and costly decorations. No, most of the world will be dark. Most of the world will be listening—not to chimes and carols, but—listening in fear! The World is at War! There are thousands and thousands of hearts heavy with sorrow; hearts filled with haunting memories of homes, neighbors, streets, churches, cities, towns—demolished! And more than all else, there are hearts burdened with grief, anxiety, fear—for the loved ones who have marched away to battle; and thousands of lonely hearts beating under uniforms of all nations this Christmas Day! Husbands — fathers — sons — brothers — sweethearts — yearning for home and — Peace!

A bit of holiday decoration that used to hold a place in old fashioned homes, and was an interesting tradition handed down through many generations, was the custom of "kissing and becoming friends" under a spray of pearly berried mistletoe hung over the doorway. This custom can be traced back through the centuries to the Druids—and beyond that even to the Greeks. These early people believed it to be a symbol of peace and friendship.

Oh! how sadly the world needs friendship and peace! Needs courage and cheer! Needs gifts, and beauty and laughter! And Love! And Good Will! Yes, the world needs Christmas more than ever before—needs the benediction of old memories and the joy again of storing up happy new ones! Needs the holy light of the Star of Bethlehem to shine in the hearts of all mankind. Then indeed would there be "Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men!"

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS time is the heart time of the year. It is a sublime hour, when argument and speculation are intruders. Controversy seems out of place and theological vagaries have no response. We care not at the Yuletide for the barren literalness of dogmatic religionists. They sound a discordant note in the gladsome music of the Christmas symphony. The world does not ask on Christmas morn about miracles in astronomy. It is too occupied by the lovelight from the glowing eyes of a little child. It is seeing the miracle of love and is singing its song of joy after a pilgrimage where it followed a star.

Wherever love has its habitation, there Christmas dwells. Every discordant, devitalizing, destructive thing in life may be ultimately and permanently eliminated by the spirit of love and unselfishness. Christmas proves that. It is harder to hate in the Yuletide. Words are softened when Christmas comes. Forgotten friends suddenly are remembered and tears spring without embarrassment when old memories are awakened. In all the long, long year it is the one time when even the wisest and the most invincible admit the beauty of true sentiment without fear of becoming merely sentimental. A little more of that sentiment unobtrusively permitted to hover over the life during the year would make Christmas last longer.

I am rather certain that this old, old world needs nothing quite so much as the technique of making Christmas last. Envisage such a world! Love, unselfishness, devotion, gladness, music, starlit nights, Angel voices and Shepherd hearts—all this is Christmas. The world gives all this an unhampered opportunity as the year dies. Its efficacy no one doubts. The power and glory of it springs from the beauty and incomparable splendor of an unselfish life. At Christmas time life and its little ironies assume new and proper proportions. We see the way more clearly while the heroic quality of the life we honor gives us more courage to take that way.

I hear the divine melody of an ancient song. Why or how the singers came disturbs me not. The song is the

thing that matters. The wide, wide world is happier; and would become progressively better if it would forget its sophistication and in childlike wonder, with open mind and loving heart, would let the Christmas song, "Peace On Earth to Men of Good Will," become the motivation of its life.

I take this opportunity of expressing to every member of our Church, every radio listener, every one who attends, and every friend, my gratitude and appreciation for your loyal and continued support in the work I am trying to do. This, from every point of view, is the most successful year our church has ever known. There is a unity and a spirit throughout the church and in every organization which is unprecedented.

Let us all use this Christmas season as an opportunity for rededicating ourselves to the highest and best ideals and dreams and hopes which we have. There will be many sad homes on Christmas Day, for there will be vacant places at the table, but let there be no vacant places in our hearts. Wherever our loved ones are, and wherever the brave men and women of our church are carrying on the tragic tasks of war, may they know that here at home we are doing all we can to help them bring victory and peace in the first possible hour. And so, to you all—

A CHRISTMAS OF GOOD CHEER AND A NEW YEAR WHICH WILL BE TRULY A NEW YEAR FOR ALL THE WORLD!

Preston Bradley.

THE FIRST PLAY

THE Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Director, announce for their first play of the 1942-1943 season, the delightful comedy, "Out Of The Frying Pan," by Francis Swann, to be given Friday evening, December 11, at the Civic Theatre. Tickets $1.10 and 83c. 'Phone Webster 2123 for Reservations. Studio, Fine Arts Building, 410 S. Michigan Ave.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY WELCOMED INTO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Sunday, November 1, 1942:
Miss Alean Carter
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Drechsler
Mr. Marvin Edelhart
Mrs. Grace Hayes
Miss Elaine E. Jensen
Mrs. Ellen K. Jespersen
Miss C. Lahtinen
Mr. Harold Palash
Pvt. Robert Plumley
Mr. Lyman Rowley, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry I. Smith

BOOK CHATS

ONE of the most interesting experiences I have ever had with any writer, I had recently with Sholem Asch. You will recall that I have lectured in the Book Lectureship on several of his books. Probably his most famous book, and perhaps the most enduring which he has written up until now, is "The Nazarene."

Sholem Asch has made recently two visits to Chicago and I have had the great privilege of having a personal conference with him on each of these occasions. The first was his appearance here in behalf of the Russian War Relief and also speaking at the authors' luncheon. The evening after he spoke at Orchestra Hall, he honored our church with a visit and spoke briefly on the evening of the Russian War Relief meeting in our church. The next day I spent about two hours with him. I wish that there might have been a stenographer present to have taken down the conversation—not that I made any contribution or that my words were important, but Sholem Asch spoke such enduring truths that they should be preserved and read.

Sholem Asch was born into an orthodox Jewish family. His early boyhood was spent in the surroundings of obedience and conformity to every orthodox Jewish custom. Even in early childhood he recalled experiences and scenes which started him on his long, arduous and tortuous pathway toward the fine religious philosophy which he now embraces. He is just about to publish a new volume called "The Apostle," which is a study of the life of Paul, or, as he says, a continuation of "The Nazarene." The study and preparation which he made for "The Nazarene" gave him an acquaintanceship with the character and personality of Jesus which he had never known or understood, until I know of no one, either Jewish or Catholic or Protestant, with a finer comprehension and a deeper appreciation of the character of Jesus than Sholem Asch possesses.

His evolution out of the narrow limitations and conformities of sectarian religion has been like the unfoldment of a beautiful flower. Rising above all credal barriers and racial inhibitions, he has become the leading voice among the creative literary artists of the world for a universal appreciation of Jesus. The dream which dominates his life at this moment is the dream of both the Jew and the Gentile —realizing the place and mission of Jesus in the life of humanity. This ideal which is now his great imperative, is arousing many reactions of criticism and antagonism among both groups, but the criticisms do not disturb Sholem Asch. He is above them all. He envisages a world in which each denomination and group and religious loyalty can practice without interruption or denial their own religious customs and ceremonies, but recognizing the common heritage of christianity and Judaism, and, believing in the historicity of Jesus, he feels that there should be a common bond of unity, centering in the dignity and unimpeachable superiority of Jesus as a leader and guide of all people of all creeds and all races.

If you could have looked into the depth of his sad eyes and heard the quality of emotion revealed by the intensity of his speech, you would realize how deep and eternal is this conception

of his. There will be repercussions of his philosophy, interpretation and attitude from every quarter, but if his most severe critics could only know the depth of his soul, the magnanimity of his heart—a soul and heart which have suffered untold misery and agony down through the years, you would find, whether you be Jew or Christian, little room for criticism or condemnation. He is a true universal and reflects the truth of Him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The bloody centuries of inquisition, persecution and attack which reveal man's inhumanity to man would never occur again. Hate would die.

Mr. Asch returned to Chicago the other day to speak at a great meeting on "Why I Wrote 'The Nazarene.'" On the afternoon of his lecture he called me and asked me to come and see him. I did so, and it was like going into the presence of one who had, over deep travail and sorrow, finally achieved a spiritual development which hung about him like a glow of saint-hood. He was sad—sad because that very day a group of orthodox Jewish Rabbis in Chicago had issued a manifesto in which they called him "The Betrayer," and used a Hebrew word which, in their blindness, they use in referring to Jesus. We must not condemn them. They are speaking out of the accumulated inheritance of centuries of persecution and bloodshed. Sholem Asch had no word of condemnation for them—rather it was pity that permeated his every thought. He believes that Jesus is the highest expression of love and sainthood the world has ever seen, and is proud of the fact that He was a Jew; and the whole being of Sholem Asch is permeated with the hope, the desire and the prayer that his people and all people shall see and recognize the power and personality of Jesus.

It may be that this great artist and literary genius may be a modern prophet—the forerunner of a new religious renaissance. It may be that the persecutions of the past and the bloodshed which resulted from men's hates shall be obliterated in the unity of divinely inspired men in all groups, races and religions. It may be that the voice of Sholem Asch is the modern voice of the wilderness.

* * *

What is more apropos or more permanent as a Christmas gift than a good book? There is a whole avalanche of significant and important books available at this holiday season. Why not make it a Book Christmas? Choosing a book for another, requires intimate knowledge of one's literary interests, for the wrong book can be given to the right person, and the right book to the wrong person. In the giving of books for Christmas presents it is well to choose those books which seem to possess continuing merit—not merely books dealing with an immediate and contemporary problem or situation, but books which have "eternity in their hearts." There are many such books and at the Book Lectures from now until Christmas I am going to mention several books of exceptional merit which would make delightful and appropriate gifts. At our own Book Fair which is to be held December 9, there will be about 600 books which you will have the opportunity to look over for your Christmas list. This Book Fair is sponsored by the Education Committee and worthy of your support.

* * *

If you want to read the best book of which I know, explaining the national mentality that sent the Japanese so cheerfully into this war, I call your attention to the book "Government by Assassination," by Hugh Byas, and published by Alfred A. Knopf of New

York. The author has been writing on Japan for 25 years and I think knows more about Japan than anyone speaking or writing at this time. There are some people writing and others talking about Japan, held up as authorities, whose pre-Pearl Harbor utterances showed they were certainly askew in their understanding of the Japanese. One of these men who is lecturing all over the country, before meetings and on the air, and who is held up as an authority on Japan, but a few hours before Pearl Harbor was telling people over a nationwide hookup that Japan would never attack the United States. I beg those of you who want an understanding of this Japanese situation to read this book.

* * *

Well, my old friend, Christopher Morley, has done it again in his new novel, "Thorofare," to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.,—a novel which he has been working on for thirteen months. I have known Christopher Morley for a long time, and never see him or meet him without my admiration and esteem being intensified. He is one of our most significant voices in the American literary scene. He said recently about his new book, "The Atlantic is the hero of my novel; the ocean that is the thoroughfare between England and ourselves, that bridges us together and that keeps us apart." And in a statement which he wrote when his novel was in its early stages he said, "If Fascism were to win the war, perhaps this would be one of the books most likely to be put out of print, for it suggests, in spite of imaginary and humorous westward changes, the ancient American idea of freedom remains the same. In spite of mutual abrasive the two races remain capable of smiling at themselves and laughing at each other." The author had felt for some time that a record of some kindlier phases of Anglo-American intercourse might be set down in the accidented relation of fiction. He tries to tell here the inward story of a mind in westward motion. I predict that this book will top all the best-seller lists of every bookstore in the United States before many moons have come and gone. Christopher Morley has something to say and he knows how to say it with the trenchant phrase and superb diction of a truly literary mind.

* * *

On another page of this issue you will find our Lectureship book list for December. I hope, in spite of the busy days, you will find it possible to attend the December lectures. The audiences for the month of November were most encouraging. There were present no less than 1,000 people at any lecture. This is most gratifying and encourages me to do what I can to create a desire for good books and to bring these books to the attention of the people. P.B.

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

DR. BRADLEY'S books are valuable and inspiring for these days. They make excellent Christmas books and he will be glad to autograph copies for you, or if you purchase the books at a Chicago book store and request an autographed copy, the book store will arrange it.

You will find a list of the books, on the back cover of this magazine. To those who are in remote places where no book stores are available, the books may be ordered direct from the Church Office, 941 Lawrence Avenue.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE MONTH

From October 15th to November 15th

OCTOBER

15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. First Congregational Church. Blue Island, Ill.

16—Address. Arche' Club, Shoreham Hotel
Radio Address. WGN

17—Address. General Federation of Woman's Clubs. Hotel Sherman
Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program

18—Service. Peoples Church
Address. Auspices Y.M.C.A. Barker Hall. Michigan City, Ind.

19—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Ebenezer M.E. Church. Evanston, Ill.

20—Radio Address. WGN
Opening meeting People's Forum at Peoples Church

21—Radio Address. WGN
Board Meeting. Peoples Church

22—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Woman's Club. Channing Hall. Peoples Church

23—Address. Ill. State Library Assoc. LaSalle Hotel
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Auburn Park M. E. Church. Book Review

24—Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program

25—Service. Peoples Church
Address. Central Christian Church, Gary, Indiana
Address. Sunday Evening Club. First M.E. Church, LaPorte, Ind.

26—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Opening Meeting Men's Club. Peoples Church

27—Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club
Radio Address. WGN

28—Address. Service Clubs. Kalamazoo, Michigan
Radio Address. WGN

29—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Edgebrook P. T. A. Edgebrook Field House

30—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Temple Isaiah Israel

31—Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program

NOVEMBER

1—Two services. Peoples Church
Opening evening service

2—Address. Junior Assoc. of Commerce. Chicago Bar Association
Radio Address. WGN

3—Radio Address. WGN

4—Radio Address. WGN
Opening Book Lecture

5—Radio Address. WGN
Address. North Side Russian War Relief Meeting. Peoples Church

6—Conference
Meeting with Sholem Asch
Radio Address. WGN

7—Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program

8—Two services. Peoples Church

9—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Jackson Park B'nai Brith

10—Radio Address. WGN
Book Review. Peoples Church

11—Address. Englewood Business Men's Assoc.
Radio Address. WGN. Armistice Day Address
Radio Address. WGN

Book Lecture. Peoples Church
12—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Austin Masonic Temple
13—Radio Address. WGN
14—Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program

Christenings

OCTOBER

18—Peter Kenneth Veller, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Veller
24—Wm. Laurier Corriere, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurier Corriere
25—Alfred John Sloan, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Sloan

NOVEMBER

8—Richard Irving Klima, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Klima
Meta Alyce York, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll York
Charlotte Grace VanDerWey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence VanDerWey
Richard John Van Dyke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jerome Van Dyke

Weddings

OCTOBER

17—Aulldy Wilson and Geraldine Hasty
William A. Friend and Ethel Rossman
Guy R. Ore and Irene Gustafson
20—Bernard O'Llila and Arno Maki
George Jenchi and Angeline Eaves
24—Edwin K. DeLade, Jr. and Alice Lewellen
28—Herman A. Soebbing and Lorene Requet
31—Rudolph McKinney and Dorothy Long
W. F. Bulow and Josephine Biser

NOVEMBER

7—Ben Lance and Ann Walker
D. G. King and Julia Ciszek
8—Luis Franco and Helen Jean Loseff
Samuel J. Simonoff and Mrs. Marie Altha Kinkle
14—Murray Mulkern and Mildred Heywood
Earl S. Winter and Fanny May Teague

Funerals

OCTOBER

15—Arthur Jones
19—Judith Ann Bradt, infant
20—John J. Abbott
Mrs. Helen Hutchins
Mrs. Lillia Baker
22—Miss Frances Smith
23—Dr. Joseph Beck
24—~~Harold Rapp~~ Hattie Cooke
30—Anna M. Rowe
31—Albert J. Redemski

NOVEMBER

5—C. Henry Stoezker
Mrs. Cora Holeb
9—Wm. S. Mason
10—Jozefina Derer
11—Roy Folk
13—W. P. Robertson
14—Frederick Johnson
Anna Mooy

Announcing

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Presenting Twelve Outstanding Figures in the Modern Scene

NOTED JOURNALISTS—PHILOSOPHERS—HISTORIANS

OCT. 20th—"THE WORLD IN REVIEW"—A SYMPOSIUM
Dr. Preston Bradley, Philosopher
M. W. Fodor, Historian
Samuel Grafton, Journalist
Dr. Gerhard Schacher, Economist

NOV. 17th—"FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD"—A DEBATE
Mortimer Adler and Bertrand Russell
Outstanding Philosophic Writers

DEC. 8th—"I SAW IT MYSELF"—Ace Far-Eastern Correspondent Cecil Brown

JAN. 5th—" 'CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO"—Boake Carter
Journalist, radio commentator, author

JAN. 19th—"AT THE RINGSIDE OF HISTORY"—H. R. Knickerbocker
Dean of War Correspondents

FEB. 16th—"THE MILITARY PANORAMA"—Major George Fielding Eliot

MAR. 2nd—"THE THEATRE OF ANGNA ENTERS"
Angna Enter's program of her special "theatre"

MAR. 16th—"VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER"—Major Alexander P. de Seversky
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Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Christmas Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now nearing its Twentieth Anniversary, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today and solve one of your Christmas-shopping problems? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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HONOR ROLL

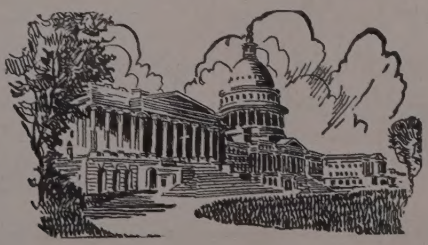
At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo

James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Muriel Mlyniec
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
William V. Myers
Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson

Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Charles Fuss
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Plumley
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker

*Killed in action.



Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE....Broadcast by WJJD....11:00 o'clock

Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock
Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock

Christmas Season Activities—See page 1

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
Every Wednesday evening, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT....Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall—9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB....December 3rd and 4th (Thursday and Friday). All of both days, ANNUAL CHURCH BAZAAR—Luncheon and Dinner both days—Channing Hall. Monday, Dec. 14th—1:00 p.m.—Christmas Party and Carols—Bazaar Reports.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Monday, Dec. 14th—Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler—American Poetry and Song.

Monday, Dec. 28th—Christmas Holiday Party—Ruth Kruskopf, Chairman.

MEN'S CLUB....Meets every fourth Monday, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every first and third Tuesday

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, Channing Hall, 4:00 o'clock. Plays—To be given as announced. Studio—410 South Michigan Avenue—Webster 2123.

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Student Assistant
John K. Hammon, Meadville School—Hyde Park 2077

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